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A Song or Psalme of Thanksgiuing, in remembrance of our  
great deliuerance from the Gun-powder Treason, the fift of Nouember,

1 6 0 5.

O Lord we haue continuall cause  
thy mercies to remember:  
For thou hast bin our God and guide,  
our Keeper and Defender.  
Deliuering vs from those Attempts,  
that wicked men haue sought  
Against thy truth, against thy Saints,  
to bring them vnto nought.  
Amongst the great Deliuerances,  
thou hast this Land afforded,  
There is one chiefe, that doth deserue  
in heart to be recorded.  
O let vs not forget good Lord,  
but grant we may remember,  
What thou didst do for vs and ours,  
the fift day of Nouember. (1605)  
That when we on our beds did rest,  
the night before secure:  
Next day prepared was for vs,  
great sorrowes to endure.  
When that our King, Queene, Prince & Peeres,  
our commons chiefe and best;  
In Parliament should meet to make:  
good Lawes to guide the rest:  
A hellish blast with powder mad,  
from vnder them should rise,  
To cast them vp into the aire,  
betwixt the earth and skies.  
VVhen as in health and strength they were,  
and danger none did feare,  
A hideous cracke and cruell blow,  
in peeces them should teare.  
No cruell beast more eager then,  
and greedier of his pray,  
Then Antichrist his priests and slaues,  
were of our liues that day.  
They thought our ruine to haue wrought,  
in twinckling of an eye.  
But God our great Deliuerer,  
this mischief did descry.  
And when that they the spoile did thinke,  
amongst them to deuide:  
The high and mighty Lord of hoasts,  
their counsels did deride:  
By making *James*, our royall King,  
so quicke in apprehension,  
As to discouer and preuent  
Romes Diuels deepe intention.

So that the net and snare is broke,  
Hels counsell is reueled:  
That from the ages for to come,  
it may not be concealed.  
Now we that liue may sing a Psalme  
of praise and thanks to him:  
And where that they with shame did end,  
with ioy we may begin,  
And say, O Lord to thee alone,  
alone to thee O Lord,  
The Praise is due, the praise is due,  
euen all with on accord.  
Nothing there was in vs that did  
deserue this loue of thee:  
It was thy loue and mercie great,  
bestowed on vs most free.  
It was thy loue vnto thy name,  
and to thy Saints most deare,  
That moud thee thus to deale with vs,  
in danger when we were.  
Euen while we liue, we will confesse,  
to thy eternall praise,  
That by this great Deliuerance wrought,  
thou hast renewed our daies:  
And giuen vs time for to repent,  
and to amend our liues:  
And of thy mercies manifold  
the higher for to prize.  
O let the practise of these men,  
against thy children deare,  
Make vs to hate their wicked wayes,  
and thee the more to feare.  
And grant that we may still detest  
that doctrine and that sinne,  
That teacheth vs to eate our God,  
and eke to kill our King.  
And euermore whilst that our liues  
and breath in vs doth last,  
To lay vp in our hearts thy law,  
and there to keepe it fast:  
That by the same we may be kept  
from errors grosse and nought,  
Vntill we haue obtain'd that crowne,  
that Christ for vs hath bought.  
Lord blesse thy Church, preserue our King,  
the Prince and Race royall:  
Prolong their dayes, make them the meanes  
of Antichrists downfall.

